

Imp. Pictorial Ed.
Sir ROBERT BRASS:

OR, THE

INTRIGUES, *Serious and Amorous,*

OF THE

KNIGHT of the BLAZING STAR.

*A Wight he was, whose very Sight wou'd,
Entitle Him Mirror of Knighthood.*

HUDIBRAS.

L O N D O N:

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M.DCC.XXXI.

22

GEORGE F. T. B. & S.

OF THE

ENTIRETY OF THE

OF THE

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING STAR



A WIFE OF THE
HONORABLE JOHN M. BURNING STAR

Printed by A. M. and Sold by J. B. BURNING STAR

MDCCLXXI

Sir ROBERT BRASS.

A
P O E M.

CANTO I.

WHILE Peace, and War, and Turns
of State,
Perplex the Busy, and the Great;
While still increasing Feuds we find,
'Twixt *Will Seeclear* and *Robin Blind*;
While *D'Anvers*, rous'd by Vice to Passion,
Rails at *Corruption*, tho' the *Fashion*;
Shews ev'ry Evil of the *Times*,
Nor winks at even the *Statesman's Crimes*;
Thinks *Honour* of more Worth than *Cash*,
Calls *Bribes* and *Pensions* downright *Trash*;
Disdains all servile fawning *Maggots*,
But most, — those lazy Scoundrels, *Faggots*;
Declaims on *Dunkirk* and *Gibraltar*,
And hints what *Knaves* deserve the *Halter*;
Truths, which tho' some dull Rogues commend,
Yet all the *Wise*, that's *Great*, offend.

Whose

WHOSE Audience chiefly to engage,
 And calm the *Heat* of *Party Rage*,
 This homely *Epic* I compose,
 As something better than meer *Prose* : 20
 And to assuage the *Publick Strife*,
 Display the *Broils* in *Private Life* ;
 Shew Vice can every where resort,
 And that all *Knaves* are not at *Court*.

O *Muse* ! who gave that poignant *Rage*, 25
 That makes immortal, *Butler's Page* !
 With equal Force, my Verse inflame,
 To brand with equal Date of Shame,
 And lasting *Infamy* prolong,
 As *Hudibras's* from his Song. 30

A HERO too my Poem has,
 A Wight 'yclept Sir *Robert Brass*.
 In *Wit*, in *Parts*, so like the other,
 You might mistake him for his Brother : 35
 The following Likeness just you'll find,
 Both of his *Person*, and his *Mind* :
 His *Skin* of yellow *Damask Hue*,
 Looks much the worst, when dress'd in *Blue* ;
 His *Eyes* with languid *Horror* roul ; 40
 The Porter's seen throughout the *Whole* :
 The *Whole* — I lye : His *Waincoat Face*
 Grins ghastly with a vile *Grimace* ;
 His *Face*, thro' which, like *Glass*, we see
 His inward *Guilt* and *Villany* : 45
 Of kindred Likeness is the *Soul*,
 Tho' much of *Knave*, yet more of *Fool* :
 By native *Itch*, inclin'd to plunder ;
 By native *Folly*, prone to *blunder* :

His

His Fate in these two Words comprised.
Hated by all, by all dispised. 50

BUT stay : — E're farther I proceed,
Of useful Caution there is need ;
Since much of Mischief's known to dwell,
In *Innuendo'd Parallel* ;
Least wise Sir P—p should explain't, 55
To *Meanings* that were never *meant* ;
I here most solemnly declare,
Whate'er his *Crimes* and *Follies* were,
The've no *Resemblance*, wrong or right,
To good Sir B — b, the *Blue-String Knight*. 60

THUS having first secur'd the Way,
From *H--rr---n*, and *D-l--f--y*,
E'en let the *Muse* again prevail,
And onwards now, pursue her *I ale*.

INCIRCLED by the *British Seas*, 65
There is a certain *Island* lies,
Noted of Old for Strife and Faction ;
In which is plac'd our *Scene* of *Action* :
That here it lies, tho' all agree,
Its *Name's* not known, — at least to me : 70
For Authors give no certain Light,
If *Purbeck*, or the Isle of *Wight*.
However, tho' their *Name's* not shown,
'Tis fit their *Genius* should be known.
Fickle and faithless as the *Sea*, 75
As *Islanders* are wont to be ;
Surrounding *Waves* their *Temper* shows,
But that it oft'ner ebbs and flows :

For *Liberty* they one Day fight ;
 The next, in losing it delight : 80
 Wit never value till they've bought it ;
 At ev'ry Turn cry, Who'd have thought it ?
 Their *Safety* they to *Nature* owe,
 The *Weight* of *Counsel* feldom know :
 Still steering against *Rocks* and *Shelves*, 85
 Are only ruin'd by themselves.

HERE *Providence* thought fit to place,
 Our doughty Knight, Sir *Robert Brass*.
 Hard is the Task to sing a *Hero*,
 At once a *Claudius* and a *Nero* ; 90
 To tell ye ev'ry flow Degree,
 By which he rose from *Infamy*,
 From *Goals* and *Debt*, to *Place* and *Title*,
 Would be superfluous ev'ry *Tittle* :
 Suffice it then, that thus we write, 95
 He was both wealthy and a *Knight* ;
 By Tricks and Frauds, the *Posts* procur'd,
 Both of *Comptroller*, and of *Steward*,
 With little Peace, and less of Honour,
 Conducted all Things in the Manor ; 100
 Did what he would ; and in a Word,
 Was the *Fac-totum* of his Lord.

His private Character being told,
 Let's now his *Publick Worth* unfold :
 Tho' real Merit he had none, 105
 He still kept up the *Form* of some :
 By Cunning made a Shew of Sense,
 And gloss'd his Fears with *Impudence* ;
 Of Numbers talk'd, till he'd confound
 Himself, and all who listen'd round : 110

Yet

Yet still in spite of all his Care,
 His native Vices would appear;
Conceited, headstrong, base, and froward,
 At once the *Bully, Knave, and Coward*;
 In *Fraud*, in *Villany* replete, 115
 Not brighten'd with a Spark of *Wit*;
 Of every Virtue unpossess,
 The *Tenants Scorn*, the *Neighbours Jest*;
 The Bane of *Industry* and *Fame*,
 His Master's and his Country's Shame; 120
 Heedless what *Friends* or *Foes* could say,
 He *blunder'd* on from Day to Day;
 Untill he had well nigh brought on,
 The Publick Ruin, and his own.

So happ'd it once, a drunken Clown 125
 Rode madly thro' a Country Town,
 Whom oft the pitying Crowd, in Pain,
 Call'd out to stop, but call'd in vain;
 In full Career, a *sudden Check*
 Broke both his *Stirrup* and his *Neck*: 130
 His Neck, — and what was still much worse,
 Founder'd and Shoulder-flipp'd his *Horse*.

As *Solomon*, ye know, has said,
 Oppression makes even *Wisemen* mad; 135
 So much more might it be allow'd,
 To work upon the meaner Crowd:
 So many Hardships on them laid,
 That scarce their Labours brought them Bread:
 The *Weight* unable to sustain, 140
 They 'gainst the *Steward* all complain;
 Sought for Redress, at *County Court*,
 Tho' ne'er a Whit the better for't.

The wily *Knight*, that Scheme aware on,
 Both in *Court-Leet*, and in *Court-Baron*,
 Such weighty Arguments apply'd, 145
 As sway'd their *Judgment* to his Side ;
 Sir *Robert's Conduct* they applaud,
 And reprimand the sawcy Crowd ;
 Forbid them henceforth to appeal,
 Presume to *see*, or dare to *feel*. 150
 'Tis true, on this they homeward went,
 So far from less their *Discontent*,
 That if they *murmur'd* much before,
 Their Murmurs now were *ten Times* more.
 It happen'd some of better Sort, 155
Tenants by Copy from the Court,
 In Pity to the gen'ral Woe,
 Resolv'd the *several Steps* to show,
 By which Things grew to such Distress ;
 And as the SOURCE of all amiss, 160
 Discrib'd Sir *Robert's Crimes* and Blunders,
 His *publick* and his *private* Plunders ;
 Display'd his Conduct, and by Rule,
 Prov'd that he was both Knave and Fool.

THIS made the *Knight's* Dependants frown, 165
 Who in his Ruin dread their own :
 They saw the *Publick Rage* grew high,
 And that they scarce had Room to fly :
 For well they knew, if once their Lord
 Just Credit should to *Truth* afford, 170
 Depriv'd of *Profit* and of *Place*,
 They should be all turn'd out to Grass ;
 (Tho', if their *Merit* met Reward,
 To higher *Posts* they'd be preferr'd.)

To guard then against this Disaster, 175
 Away they hurry to their Master,
 Resolv'd at any Rate to try,
 To shift his wayward Destiny;
 Yet privately they all prepar'd,
 Should Things be push'd extreamly hard, 180
 Like *Seamen rack'd* on *Rocks* and *Shelves*,
 To quit all Care, — but for themselves.

HERE then let's leave them for a while,
 And to our *Hero* turn our Stile;
 Even *Maro's* Verse, or *Titian's* Paint, 185
 Would leave a Picture much too faint,
 Of all the *Grandeur*, *Pomp*, and *State*,
 That on this *Flow'r* of *Knighthood* wait:
 So great, it strikes Beholder's Eyes,
 At once with Wonder and Surprize: 190
 With Wonder all this Wealth to see,
 Possess'd by such a Wretch as he:
 Wealth that might make a *Monarch* jealous,
 Tho' heap'd by *Means* deserv'd the *Gallows*.

POETS of old, made *Venus* Seat 195
 Extreamly elegant and neat;
 Describe the *Palace* too of *Fame*,
 Of an immense discordant Frame:
Death's Temple, *Cypress-Trees* adorn'd,
 And all Things look'd as if they mourn'd: 200
 Thus still the Bards of *Rome* and *Greece*,
 Made House and Master of a *Piece*.

FOR once this Rule then let us try,
 To modern Building to apply:

Tho' *great*, still *plain*, the *Fashion* once, 205
Is seen in all that's built by *Jones* ;
As Ornament succeeded then,
The *Architect* was chang'd to *Wren* ;
When *Belgick* Dulness grew the *Vogue*,
The clumsy *Genius* of *V--n--gh*, 210
Rais'd by a *Method* all his own,
Not *Buildings*, but vast *Heaps* of *Stone*.

AT a small *Village* near the *Town*,
There stood a plain, tho' well-built *Dome*.
Fair *Gardens* from its *Side* descend, 215
That on the *fairest* *River* end:
Here dwelt of old, the *Patriot* *JOHN*,*
(Since only rival'd by his *Son*,)
Whose polish'd *Virtues* paint him thus,
A *Cato*, and an *Atticus*. 220

'Twas here our *Knight* chose to reside,
Who out of *Wantonness* and *Pride*,
Chang'd, mangl'd, ruin'd, built a-new,
Untill the *Whole* look'd to your *View*,
The Perfect *Likeness* of its *Owner*, 225
Opprest with *Wealth*, o'ercharg'd with *Honour*.
In fine, preposterously *Great*,
And aukward in the *Midst* of *State*.

THERE dwelt a *Parson* near the *Place*,
(*Parsons* ye know are seldom scarce,) 230
Who had a *Daughter* arch and pretty,
So young, so wanton, and so witty,
Her *Charms* now irresistible prove,
And *Bob* at *Sixty* is in *Love* :

With

With doating Passion own'd his Flame, 235
 By Bribes and Vows soon won the Dame,
 To grant whatever he befought her,
 Or, in plain *English*, Sirs, — he bought her.

PROUD of the Purchase of this Play-Thing,
 This *Child* in Years, grew such a gay Thing, 240
 That Airs of Gravity laid down,
 A grizl'd, aukward, *Beau Garcon*:
 He struts about like *Puppet* dress'd;
 The *Patriarch Fop*, the *Publick Jest*;
 Nay to divert the sneering Town, 245
 Is next a gen'ral Lover grown,
 Affects to talk of his Amours,
 And boasts of having ruin'd Scores:
 While all who hear him bite the Lip,
 And scarce with *Pain* their Laughter keep, 250
 That he should think, so dull his Pate is,
 Threescore a Fav'rite with the Ladies:
 Whilst well they know 'tis golden Show'rs,
 Gain both his *Creatures* and his *W*—s.

THE *Knight* well-pleas'd and satisfy'd, 255
 So cheated by his native Pride,
 Thinks 'tis his *Merit*, raises Faction,
 Hence rails at *Envy* and *Detraction*;
 Much of his own vast *Worth* believes,
 Seen thro' by all, *Himself* deceives. 260

Now to return to's premier Folly,
 With this same *Parson's Daughter* —
 So much she grew his *Sovereign*,
 That nothing could the *Knight* retain,

But all his Secrets to her told, 265
 Which she as oft to others sold ;
 With whom, on what, he e'er had treated ;
 And how, and when, his Master cheated ;
 His Deeds from *Jan'ry* to *December*,
 And all the Crimes he could remember. 270

One Afternoon this matchless Pair,
 The Cully Knight, the Jilting Fair,
 Were plac'd beneath a rich Alcove,
 The frequent Witnesses of their Love.
 The Spoils of *Asia* spread the Ground, 275
 The noblest Paintings glitter'd round ;
 And as the Chief of all the Throng,
 There was, at least, there should have hung,
 By some great Hand, a *Capital*
 Of one *SEJANUS*, and *his Fall*. 280
 In one Place, there you him might see,
 In *Purple* clad, and who but he !
 With Air superb, and gracious Grin,
 So like the Knight, you'd swear 'twere him ;
 So strangely proud, that to his Shame, 285
 He grudg'd his *Master* ev'n the Name.
 But in the fullest *Point* of *Sight*,
 You see him in his proper *Light*,
 A *Victim* to an injur'd *State*,
 An *Off'ring* to the *People's* Hate ; 290
 Dragg'd at a Horse's Heels along ;
 While all the loud invet'rate Throng,
 (So bold the Painting doth appear,)
 With Curses seem to rend the Air.
 Low are his gilded Statues thrown ; 295
 For basest Uses melted down.

Tho' once so Great! — to latter Times,
 There's nought transmitted but his Crimes.
 Here *moralizing* could I dwell,
 And many such like Stories tell; 300
 But that your Patience may'nt be lost,
 Again I hye me to my Post.
 Leaving *Reflexions* in the Middle,
 As BUTLER does his *Bear* and *Fiddle*.

OUR *Hero*, and his fav'rite Lads, 305
 ('Twas here I let my Story pass,)
 Were in a *Mood* extreamly loving,
 When in the Midst of all their Fooling,
 Loud Knocking thunder'd at the Gate,
 Succeeded by a Din of Feet: 310
 The Crimson Curtains are let down,
 And Madam hid. ~~Will they were gone.~~

THE *Knight* went out to meet his Guests,
 Prepar'd to answer all Requests,
 Supposing that they came to try, 315
 What Posts, and on what Terms to buy.
 The wrong Sow by the Ear he took;
 The frighted Crew of which we spoke,
 Were come with Hearts full of Despair,
 To warn him of the *Danger* near: 320
 Then first preluding with a Sigh,
 Lips turn'd to pale, and down-cast Eye,
 Will Tattle op'd the gen'ral Grief;
 Said, if we find not some Relief,
 The Publick Clamour grows so strong, 325
 The Tricks that we have us'd so long,
 To screen from Light our Villany,
 'Tis Odds, will bring us to the Tree:

These Writing *Rogues*, our Measures spoil,
 These *F--gs* and *D'A---rs* of our Isle, 330
 Explain our Myst'ries to the Crowd,
 Till one and all, they bawl aloud,
 That *Robin Brass*, and all his Fellows,
 Deserve the *Scaffold* and the *Gallows*.
 The Language this of Age and Youth, 335
 Spoke with such Zeal, and so much Truth,
 That, not to lie, I shake with Fear,
 Methinks the *Halter's* at my Ear ;
 That these who come with me, *Sir Knight*,
 Are, to the full, in as great Fright 340
 The Stiffness of their Limbs explains,
 As if already hung in Chains.

OUR *Hero*, in confounded Fluster,
 (When most in Fright. most apt to bluster,)
 Reflecting on his Mistress near, 345
 Resolv'd to shew no Sign of Fear,
 Held, tho' with Pain, his Features in
 Their usual Posture of a Grin ;
 Nay, forc'd a Smile, and then began,
 Come, Come, my Friends, forget your Pain, 350
 I quickly will dispel the Cloud,
 And reconcile ye to the Crowd:
 I'll dare my Enemies to find,
 An Act of mine in any Kind,
 That either wicked is, or weak, 355
 And him that knows it, let him speak.
 If any should be found so bold,
 As on this Challenge to lay hold,
 I know a Justice o'the Peace,
 Whose Warrant soon shall make him cease : 360

Then

Then, if they chuse to hold their Tongues,
I'll clamour loudly o'my Wrongs;
Swear all the've said, tho' true as Bible,
Was Fiction, Calumny, and Libel.

'Fore George, quoth Will, a lucky Thought, 365
Which, if once to Perfection brought,
Will muzzle all those saucy Fellows,
Who of us, and our Power are jealous.
And who, whate'er we aim at tell,
Better than we, or full as well. 370
Had I the Making of a Law,
'Tshould keep the keen-ey'd Rogues in awe:
I'd exile ev'ry reas'ning Prater,
And Writing make a Hanging Matter.

THIS Courage in the rest inspir'd; 375
With courtly Cringe, they all admir'd
The wond'rous Wisdom of the Knight,
Who could on this Expedient light;
Promis'd themselves the Triumph o'er,
Those Foes they so much fear'd before. 380
They make their Honours,—go the same,
Or greater Fools, than as they came.

THOSE thus dismiss'd, as quick as may be,
The Knight return'd unto the Lady;
Who still behind the Curtains hid, 385
O'er-heard each Tittle had been said.
With her he laughs at all their Fears,
A Hero still himself appears;
Tho' forc'd to use his utmost Art,
To hide the Anguish of his Heart; 390

Which

(Which we, alas! but more reveal,
 The more we labour to conceal.)
 At last, unable to sustain,
 His inward Agony of Pain,
 Resolv'd at any Rate to part, 395
 He cries, — with an affected Start,
What is't o'Clock? — She answers *Five*.
It cannot be. — 'Tis as I live.
At Six, I wait upon my Lord,
And must precisely keep my Word. 400
 The Lady guess'd the real Cause;
 So without more a-do withdraws.
 At Mrs. S — 's down was set,
 The usual Company were met;
 Rack Punch soon made the Ladies cheary, 405
 Our Fair-One, like the rest, — grew merry;
 Laugh'd at the Jest, as we do now,
 And told it, — as I tell it you.

His *Dulcinea* being gone,
 And our *Knight-Errant* left alone, 410
 A thousand Apprehensions rise,
 Strange Phantoms skim before his Eyes;
 And, as Ghosts first were form'd by Fear,
 His Guilt erects a Gallows here:
 His Ears the bawling *Hawker's* reach, 415
 With fancy'd Cries of *Dying Speech*.
 His *Conscience* by his *Crimes* is rent,
 That, if he could, he would repent.
 As when by Chance, a weighty Stone
 Is into a large *Horse-Pond* thrown, 420
 It from the Bottom stirs the Soil,
 Till all in black Confusion boil:

Awhile the foeted Atoms Dance,
 Just as they rose, they sink by Chance;
 An Hour, or two, and all grows clear, 425
 At least, as *Horse-Ponds* ever are.

So far'd it with our Troubled *Knight*,
 At last recover'd from his Fright,
 By thinking of his mighty *Wealth*,
 (Part gain'd by *Rapine*, Part by *Stealth*,) 430
 And on the Times *Corruption* too,
 In which what will not *Money* do?
 Thought *He*, I'll hire a proper *Set*,
 Who shall amongst the *Tenants* get,
Talk, *argue*, *write*, or any Thing, 435
 That may their *Approbation* win;
 While I too play as *soft* a Part,
 And all my *Rhetorick* exert:
 This *Project* on, I'll urge with Speed,
 And, Ten to One, but I succeed. 440

To neighbouring House of B---y H---s,
 The Seat of his intreaguing Follies,
 Of low Amours, and often Times,
 Of baser Scenes, and blacker Crimes;
 Away he hurries streight to meet, 445
 His Council o' the *Cabinet*,
 To all their proper Parts to suit,
 And fit Instructions distribute;
 To name what Champions should maintain,
 His Cause in *Words*, what by the *Pen*. 450
 In *Panegyrics*, *Declamations*,
Enquiries, *J---rn--ls*, *Observations*,
 And all that *Trumpery* of Books,
 By *Chandlers* bought, and *Pastry-Cooks*:

Tho', if he'd have such Notions spread, 455
He must not pay to write, — but read.

THE Bus'ness properly conducted,
Each Actor in his Part *instructed*,
The KNIGHT gives next the well-known Sign;
The *Ladies* enter and the Wine: 460
All Modesty they soon destroy,
In lewd Discourse, and tender Joy.
The *Muse* no further then proceeds;
The *Muses* all, ye know, are *Maids*.
He who such Secrets would unfold, 465
In down-right *Prose* may find them told
Of CAPRÆA'S Isle, in old *Suetonius*,
Or nearer still, in loose *Petronius*;
Pleasures peculiar to our *Hero*,
Tiberius, and Most Noble *Nero*. 470

FOND to be talk'd of for new Fires,
If a strange Face the Knight admires,
Hither is brought the fav'rite *Dame*,
Besure a Nymph of no nice Fame;
Brib'd, not betray'd, to base Desires, 475
The Giver for the Gift admires.
What! flies he always at such Sport?
No Mistrefs of a better sort?
In Truth just so. — The Knight grown old,
Against their *Beauty* trucks his Gold. 480
Alike all mercenary Jades,
If dress'd in Stuffs, or in Brocades:
Of equal *Virtue*, equal *Merit*,
From Orange *Kate*, to fine Miss —,
But now 'tis Time to quit the *Stew*, 485
A Place unworthy of the *Muse*:

To

To fitter *Scenes* our Verse proceeds ;
 Mark, then, how *Robin's Scheme* succeeds !

HAVE you not seen a *Knaveish Boy*,
 Throw Dirt at Strangers passing by,
 With Hands begrim'd, and Face besmear'd,
 As if some Imp had just appear'd :
 While those he flings at all the While,
 See not with Anger, but a Smile,
 The busy Mischief of an Elf,
 Who none bespatters — like himself.

So with that mungrel Crew it far'd,
 Who for our Knight, to writing hir'd,
 Soon shew by their Impertinence,
 Their own, — and Patron's Want of Sense :
 For *Turn*, and *Thought*, their Foes they rob ;
 Their *Eulogies* the grossest Daub :
 But when they venture at *Invective*,
 Their Wit, their Spleen, are so defective,
 The harshest, vilest Things they say,
 But 'tis in so absurd a Way,
 That tho' with all their Force they heave 'em,
 The Blows fall back on those that gave 'em.
 Conscious of this, — Our Hero sighs :
 Is there no Way ? — Good Knight, there is.
 Command them to invert their Phrase,
 The sharpest *Satire* — is their *Praise*.
 Vex'd at their Bungling to his Heart,
 Our Knight resolves his utmost Art
 Should in his next Harangue be shown,
 And all the Merit be his own,
 Of parrying the *Halter* due
 To himself, and his deserving Crew.

STREIGHT then to the *Court-Leet* he goes,
 With sober Pace, in plainest Cloaths, 520
 A Modesty fat on his Face,
 Like Silver gilding over Brasse;
 There chusing proper Season for't,
 (The Bus'ness over of their Court,)
 Our Knight, slow rising from his Seat, 525
 Begg'd he their Patience might intreat;
 And that Attention he might win,
 For once —— laid by his gracious Grin.
 All silent, —— he that Silence breaks,
 And thus with whining Voice he speaks. 530

*May it please you, worthy Gentlemen,
 And you, good Folks, my Countrymen,
 Some groundless Rumours having heard,
 I come to answer them prepar'd.
 As you o'the Manor have the Care, 535
 'Tis proper that I answer here:
 Those who are at my Post disturb'd,
 Strike not at me, —— but at my Lord:
 His Will my Stew'rdship first design'd,
 And mine, ye know, must be resign'd: 540
 Sure none, —— how much my Foes soe'er,
 Could think I coveted such Care;
 Or that the Burthens I sustain,
 Deserve not some Returns of Gain.
 Each Morning e're the Day-Light peep, 545
 For Pulick Good, I break my Sleep:
 My Labour like the circling Sun,
 Still with the current Day runs on;
 Tho' 'tis some Pleasure, I confess,
 That mine, like his, meets with Success; 550
 Since*

Since none deny, but to my Care,
 We owe that State, — in which we are:
 And this I'll venture to add more,
 'Tis One — we ne'er were in before.
 Whate'er my Enemies may hint, 555
 Of Publick Indigence or Want,
 Wealth ne'er was easier to procure;
 I — from Experience speak, I'm sure:
 And in this Point, or I'm deceiv'd,
 Shall be, by Friends and Foes, believ'd: 560
 That Credit ne'er was higher yet,
 Witness the Sums we are in Debt.
 Since Cash and Credit both run high,
 Your Murmurs, sure, should be laid by:
 For my Part, — all my little Skill, 565
 Shall be laid out — to serve you still:
 Your Interests all my Care he made
 At Home your Farms, abroad your Trade;
 To all a constant Guard I'll be,
 Your Wall by Land, your Pole by Sea. 570

THEN down he sat extreamly pleas'd,
 As all who heard him were, — he guess'd.
 But here again our Knight was out,
 So thin the Mask, that all see thro't;
 Turn'd into Jest, ev'n by the Mob, 575
 Who thence nick-nam'd him, *Lying Bob*.

OUR Hero next himself bethought,
 That much might from the Stars be bought.
 With full Assurance them to find,
 As well he might, — extreamly kind, 580

Tells

With Haste to an *Old Seer* he flies,
 Well vers'd in such like *Mysteries* ;
 Tells him the *Day and Hour of Birth*.
Sir, if there's any Skill on Earth,
 (Quoth *Astrologue*,) *I'll tell you strait,* 585
Your present, past, and future Fate.
Here, said the Knight, — a handsome Fee,
For which in two Hours you shall see :
I'll shew what's writ in ev'ry Star,
As plain, — as if you read it there. 590

PRECISELY comes the longing Knight ;
 The *Magick Scheme's* produc'd to Sight.
 Twelve Houses rang'd, in twelve small Spaces,
 The Planets set too in their Places :
This (quoth the Sage) the Face of Heav'n, 595
You take me. Sir. — when Life was giv'n
In the first House we always find,
The Qualities of Form, and Mind :
Ay, Sir! let's hear? — His Body gross,
His Parts are mean, — but that's no Loss; 600
Beyond all Thought I see he'll rise,
Riches attain, — and Dignities.
Ay, — in the next — it comes to Light,
He will be, — let me see! — a Knight ;
Nay, more, — Ods so! — sure I mistook, 605
He will, — and will not, — be a Duke.
What hinders? — Now I see it pat,
'Tis Caput Algol. — what o' that?
Its fatal Aspect, Sir, I dread ;
It threatens, — ods my Life! — your Head. 610
Saturn, whose proper Charge you are,
Seems now a fading, falling Star :

And

*And at this very Time, I fear,
 The Danger is approaching near.
 You lying Rogue, — I'll hear no more.
 Enrag'd he flings from out the Door,
 With aching Heart, and Head perplext ;
 Where let us leave him, — till our Next.*

615

F I N I S.



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